

# For Mack and Peterbilt

*Susanna Davidson*

As the midnight geese  
chortle overhead  
a congregation of  
speeding trucks  
overtakes the highway.  
The spray of rain  
lifts from their tires,  
luminescent;  
a hint of dawn in  
the misting taillights.  
Massively they slip  
in and out of timid traffic  
like ancient gods,  
the moonlight scattering  
on their backs.